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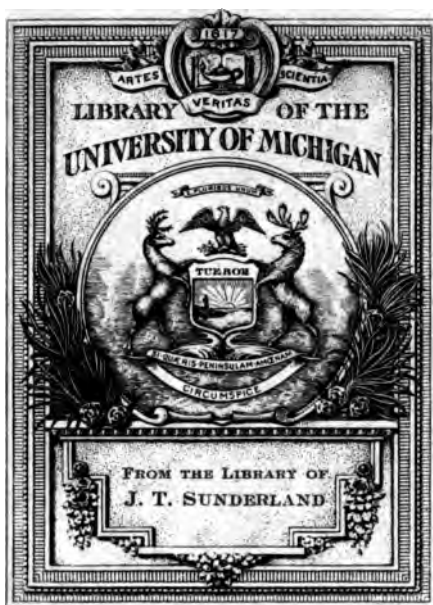
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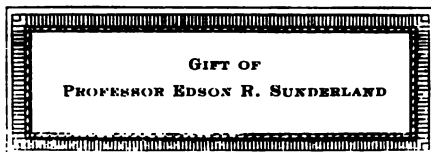
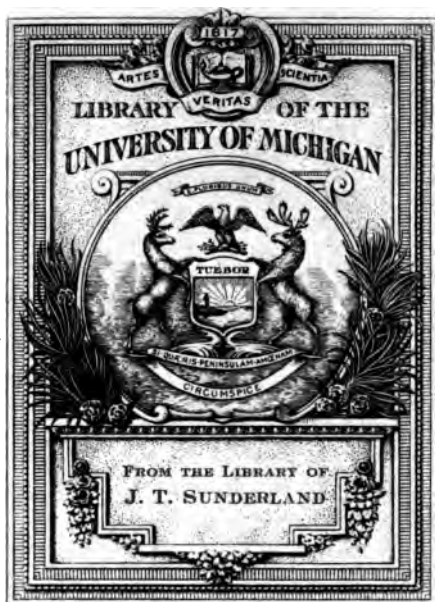
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Rev. J. T. Sunderland
with best wishes
from Helen

8.2.96



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1891

Rev. J. T. Sunderland
with best wishes
from Kolm

8.2.96

PRINTED BY R. S. BHATTA :
AT THE BIDHAN PRESS,
78, UPPER CIRCULAR ROAD.

Gift
E. D. Sunderland
7-29-48

DIARY IN ENGLAND.

Tuesday, 15th February, 1870.

8-12-48 ACJ
LEAVE home early in the morning after bidding farewell to family and relatives. A large number of friends accompany us to the wharf at Garden Reach. A few minutes after 7 A.M. the steamer gently moves on from her moorings, all friends of passengers who came to see them off having been cleared off in due time; waving handkerchiefs and tearful eyes alone indicate in a most affecting manner the exchange of mutual sympathies and tender farewell; and we get further and further down the river and are at last lost sight of by the numerous concourse of friends standing on the wharf. May the Lord have mercy on those whom I leave behind, and keep them ever in the path of faith and purity! May He help me to fulfil

the great mission with which He has entrusted me !

We have a most comfortable four-berth cabin ; and our party being large and agreeable—we are six and all Brahmos—we do not feel much inconvenience, and the pains of separation from home are in a great measure alleviated. Unfortunately, we cast anchor at about 2 P.M., as it is deemed unsafe to proceed further until the flood tide is in. Early departure from Calcutta had raised hopes in me of getting out to sea in the course of the day ; and it is mortifying to find we are thus forced to stop within a few miles from the city. In the evening I carry on a long and pleasant conversation with the Hon'ble Mr. Wyndham, one of our fellow passengers, and to whom I was introduced the other day at Government House. We talk on a variety of subjects, chiefly the Irish Land Question. My fears about diet have *happily* proved unfounded ; the bill of fare

exceeds what even the most sanguine could anticipate. I am, indeed, rejoiced to find on the dinner table potatoes, boiled and roast, brinjal, *shak* and vegetable curries, and, besides, a great variety of Indian fruits.

Wednesday, 16th February.

The colour of the river gradually changes into greenish, green, bluish, and deep blue as we draw nearer to the sea. We leave behind Sagar Light House, and then we gradually lose sight of land. We are now in the centre of a vast circle whose circumference meets the horizon. The heavens above and the ocean below are all that the eye could behold. The pilot leaves us at about 4. P.M., in a small jolly boat which carries him and Mr. Toogood to the pilot brig. We send our first batch of letters to Calcutta by this opportunity. The vessel in which we are begins to roll a little, and some of my friends feel uneasy. A little more rolling and the symptoms will develop themselves

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into sea-sickness. But we need not be afraid, as the sea is remarkably smooth. We are beginning to make acquaintances amongst our fellow passengers. Some of them are very agreeable. A military officer, apparently more kind than the rest, volunteers his services and says he will be happy to do what he can for us.

Thursday, 17th February.

According to calculations our situation this noon is $18^{\circ}40'$ N. Lat. and $83^{\circ}48'$ E. Lon. We have run 200 miles since noon yesterday; there are 462 miles to Madras. Either the rolling of the vessel has abated or we have got used to it. None feels uneasy to-day. Plenty of flying fish are playing about. Among our fellow-passengers there is a fine man-eater. He offers his best wishes to everybody that goes to visit him by showing his beautiful set of teeth. Were he to dine *with us* in the saloon how cheerfully would he *dine on us*!

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Friday, 18th February.

We have made a rather quick passage to-day having run 128 miles during the last 12 hours. We hope to reach Madras to-morrow afternoon as we have only 234 miles before us. At noon we are $15^{\circ}39'$ No. Lat. and 85° E. Long. Many are speculating about the probable time of our arrival in Madras, and are going in for lotteries, two Rupees per head. What would my countrymen say when they learn that we take five meals every day? Would they not think that our only business here is to serve the stomach and study gastronomy? But we do not eat more than we used to do at home; we only go to the table oftener, and the outward arrangements are grander. Civilization does not satisfy our belly so much as it makes outward *dhoom-dham*. What do you think is that sound of the bugle for? Shudder not, it is no signal for war, it doesn't signify that an enemy is near. No, far from it. It is a call to dinner.

You should prepare yourself to wage war with appetite, and kill that troublesome foe with the knife in one hand and the fork in the other !

Saturday, 19th February.

We begin to see land in the morning, and we reach Madras at about 9-15 A.M. Mr. Wyndham is the winner in the lottery affair, and gets about 80 Rs. That is fortunate. After making some purchases on board the steamer we proceed ashore in an " accommodation boat " which we engage for 2 Rs. We go to Messrs Parry and Co.'s Office where we find my old friend, Mr. Vencataswamy Naidoo. He gives us a most cordial reception. After taking our tiffin there—bread and tea—we drive together in Mr. Naidoo's handsome carriage through some of the principal streets in the native part of the town. On our way we search out the house of Mr. Doraswamy Naidoo, Brahmo Missionary in Madras, of whom I had not heard for a long time. He

comes up at once and is agreeably surprised to find us waiting for him in the carriage. We spend about a quarter of an hour in his house, where the Press and types and library of the Veda Somaj are located, and we converse chiefly on the present state of that Somaj. I am sorry to learn that the Somaj has only a nominal existence. It has no meetings, and none can say where the members are. Mr. Doraswamy is in fact the Veda Somaj. He does not seem satisfied with his work and complains of the apathy of the people. Immediate steps should be taken to strengthen our mission in this part of the country. We proceed to see the People's Park, originally Trevellyan's Park, which has considerably improved since I first saw it. It is largely resorted to by the gentry and also people of the poorer classes every evening. We see here a very fine lion and lioness with "children and grand children" forming a noble royal family among a large collection of inferior

animals. After walking about a little and enjoying the Band we drive down to the Strand, and thence proceed to Mr. Vencataswamy's house where we enjoy a most delicious native dinner on plantain leaf. Since I left home I never had such an excellent dinner. We then go to Patcheappah's Hall to witness the performances of the Japanese Troupe. They display some very wonderful tricks of legerdemain and athletic sports. The Ladder, the Jar and the Rope Dance are marvellous indeed. At about midnight we reach our host's beautiful garden-house, which is some miles from the busiest part of the town. It is a neat little villa, built and furnished in the English style. We spend the night here.

Sunday, 20th February.

Early in the morning we step into our host's splendid carriage after taking a little tea, and drive up to the pier accompanied by our friend Doraswamy. The sea is very calm. *We reach the steamer in good time for*

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breakfast. Leave Madras at 9-15 A.M., and gradually lose sight of land again. Towards evening the sea gets rough, there is a sudden rush of water into our cabin. Some of our companions get somewhat sea-sick. We chant a few hymns on the forecastle in the evening. At this time the Brahma Mandir in Calcutta is full; the name of the Most High is being chanted there by our assembled brethren. The same Lord is near unto us.

Monday, 21st February.

The sea continues rough. At noon our position is $18^{\circ} 19'$ N. Lat. $81^{\circ} 47'$ E. Long. We have run 273 miles; Galle is 240 miles distant. There is a nice little menagerie on board the vessel, which affords fun to many of the passengers, especially when they have little else to do. We have a young tiger remarkably tame, a couple of monkeys and some poultry.

Tuesday, 22nd February.

Under the guidance of a pilot we enter the Galle harbour a few minutes after 8 A.M.



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Amongst the crowd hurrying about on the deck there is a Telegraph Peon who has a number of telegrams in hand. On inquiry I find one of these is addressed to me, and contains the welcome news—"All right." We land at noon, and drive down to the Post Office where we post our letters. We have to pay six pence postage for each letter. We then call over to the Telegraph Office and send our messages. In order to give my friends some idea of the place, we pass through some of the streets, bordering on the sea, and lined on both sides with wretched huts and native shops. We visit a small Buddhist temple. The central figure is Buddha in his usual meditative posture, on the two sides are two smaller figures, but none could tell whom they represent. I am struck with astonishment to see an image of Vishnu there. The walls of the temple are painted all over, and contain representations of various *mythological* incidents of Buddhistic theology.

We then hasten back to the jetty, purchasing on our way a good number of pineapples and cocoanuts. As we go back to the steamer in a small boat, for which we pay 2 Rupees, we see the gentle undulations of the sea, and a large number of steamers and ships of various flags lying in the harbour. We see "Orissa," the "Deccan" and the "Jhelong" bound for Bombay, Calcutta and Australia respectively. Galle is the great meeting place for the P. and O. Mail Steamers. In the evening one of our stewards jumps overboard, and swims on to the "Deccan," lying alongside of us, and comes back with great adroitness. He is a first-rate swimmer. The night is very warm.

Wednesday, 23rd February.

One by one the other steamers leave us, the passengers and officers waving their handkerchiefs as usual. At about 11 A.M., we resume our course. We have hardly lost sight of Galle when the sea becomes awfully rough

Owing to a strong north-westerly breeze. The vessel rolls about most wantonly, and is dashed up and down the waves. Now and then the sea rises up roaring and splashing and makes a rush upon us in the forcastle and quarter-deck. Prosonno is laid up, and all others are more or less affected. The list of passengers receives numerous accessions ; we muster now more than one hundred.

Thursday, 24th February.

Fortunately the sea is calm again, and we feel better. The passengers are trying to get up a theatrical performance, the preliminary meeting takes place in the saloon at 10 o'clock. Our position at noon to-day may be thus stated— $7^{\circ}15'$ N. Lat. and $76^{\circ}72'$ Long. Galle is 249 miles behind, Minicox isle is 192 miles ahead.

Friday, 25th February.

We passed by Minicox isle in the morning ; we didn't see it. We are told the P. and O. steamer "Colombo" was wrecked here some

time ago on a foggy day. A large number of big fishes are seen running ahead of us, perhaps frightened by the movements of our steamer. Up they throw themselves above the sea, and in a rapid curved motion they again plunge into it; again they rise and again they dash forward, thus running a race with us for some distance. Among the assistant engineers of the "Mooltan" there is one of very liberal theological views, we are glad to make his acquaintance; he sympathizes heartily with our church and my mission particularly. He furnished us with much valuable information on navigation and other subjects. We have run 250 miles. Our position at noon is $8^{\circ} 2' N.$ Lat. and $71^{\circ} 59' E.$ Long.

Saturday, 26th February.

Run 269 miles—rather fast. Our position — $8^{\circ} 53' N.$ Lat. and $67^{\circ} 32' E.$ Long. In the saloon we meet the late Director of Public Instruction of Ceylon and make his

acquaintance. He has left the service owing to misunderstanding with the authorities and is going home to "eat a few more dinners" in order to set up as a barrister. He speaks very encouragingly of my mission ; says it is very "bold" and assures me I shall meet with great opposition. He advises me to join the Dialectical Society in London, whose object is free discussion ; and to see such men as Mill, Huxley and Mr. Morrison M.P. He seems to belong to Mr. Mill's School, and has too great respect for science to believe in orthodox Christianity.

Sunday, 27th February.

In the morning the officers and crew, carpenters, engine-men, khalasees and all assemble on the deck, in their uniform, for parade and drill. Their names are called out, and as the Captain and the first officer pass along the line each makes a respectful bow. At the first signal they rush in small *companies* to different parts of the vessel

while some post themselves near the pumping machine from which pipes are laid on, the object of these arrangements being of course to put out fire. The second signal being given they return and form new groups at the "boat stations," the object being to take charge of the boats in case all efforts to extinguish the fire prove ineffectual. Divine service is conducted by the captain on the quarter-deck at 10½ A.M. With the captain's permission, which he most readily and cheerfully accords, we hold service in the fore-saloon at 7½ P.M. The purser makes the needful arrangements for lights and accommodation. The congregation is pretty large, numbering about fifty. My text is Psalm XL, "The Lord is our refuge and strength and a very present help in trouble." We should never think of God as absent, but must realize His holy presence and hold Him before us as an ever-present help. As we place our entire confidence in the captain of our vessel, so



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must we, in navigating the sea of life, repose our firmest trust in the Great Captain, who will deliver us from all temptations and dangers. How interesting is the sight of this small floating congregation ! How encouraging is it to think that the name of the Almighty One is chanted on the bosom of the Arabian Sea, and that in the midst of a small floating family, composed of diverse races, we are enabled to sing the glory of our common Father, and echo back the solemn and sacred chorus of "Sathyam" which is being chanted at this moment by our Brahma brethren in different parts of India ! How kind is the Lord unto us ? But oh ! how forgetful we are of His mercies ! May the True God be glorified in all lands and on the high seas !

Monday, 28th February.

Among our fellow-passengers there is a company of gentlemen from Australia, who mostly sit in front of us at the table. The great object of their life seems to be fun.

They may best be compared to the *yar logues* of Bagbazar in Calcutta, having hardly anything to do except to "eat and drink and be merry." The other day they got terribly irate because they were not supplied with grog, though they repeatedly called for it till 9 P.M., which is grogging time in our steamer. In the evening they generally gamble. Their usual and favorite business is—pitching into each other. They do not seem to mix much with the other passengers, but try to move in their element.

Tuesday, 1st March.

This evening on the quarter-deck the stewards enact the farce entitled. "The Rifle and how to use it." The performance is indeed highly creditable. Some of the actors appear very intelligent. How different these stewards are from the big-bellied lazy and impudent *Khansamas* of Bengal! The farce is followed by negro songs which, according to the language of the advertisement,



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are sung by the "Mooltan Coloured Upoar Troupe." These are very humorous and keep the audience in a state of wild fit of amusement and laughter. While enjoying the grand Tamasha we almost forget that we are on board a ship ! How great is the power of steam ! You build a home on the waves of the sea, scorn its hissing and howling, and there make yourself merry !

Wednesday, 2nd March.

At noon we pass Cape Guardafui ; its range of wild, barren and dreary hills we see before us. One continent is out of sight, and for the first time I behold this new continent—Africa. There is hardly a single trace of vegetation in the rocky cape ; nothing green to be seen ; so far as the eye extends it is all dreary and sterile. Lo ! a small boat is sailing up the cape ! Whence does it come and whither is it bound ? Who can say ? As we are proceeding N. W., we gradually lose sight

of land again and steer across the gulf of Aden.

Thursday, 3rd March.

Pursuant to notice there is another theatrical performance to-night, got up by some of our fellow-passengers. A few songs, such as the Bashful Man &c. are sung, singly and in chorus, in the commencement, and then the well-known farce of "Going to Ball" is introduced on the stage which, it is needless to say, is devoid of scenic representations. At intervals, when the curtain falls, one of the stewards dressed as a poor old English woman steps in and strolls about the seats of the audience, crying out, Lemonade, Soda Water &c. A police man follows with a lantern tied to his back and drives off that troublesome intruder. This is a burlesque on the practice too common in England of selling refreshments in the lower galleries of theatres which often calls forth the interference of the police. *The play is satisfactory and very amusing, but*

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perhaps it is not so creditable as we expected it to be.

Friday, 4th March.

The Lighthouse at Aden, built on high rocks, is observable from a great distance. As we draw nearer the harbour we see, at first dimly and then vividly, that gigantic steamer, the wonder of the age, "the Great Eastern." She is at present engaged in laying the Anglo-Indian telegraph cable, and will shortly leave Aden and enter the Red Sea to complete her work. It is said she can accommodate more than 1,000 first class passengers! As soon as we reach Aden the post office peon brings a batch of letters amongst which I am glad to find two addressed to me. We engage a boat for 1 Re. 8 As. and land at the stone wharf which is very neat and beautiful and has a flight of stairs on each side. After throwing our letters in the Post Office box we descend down into the interior of the city, which is about 5 miles from the "Point." The

man speaks Bengali, as he was born there and has left it recently. We proceed to see the Reservoirs after passing through the "ups and downs" which constitute the roads of hill-stations. The reservoirs are simply the hollow places in the hills cut out by nature and beautifully plastered up by art which are made to hold all the rain water which falls on those hills and gradually accumulates there. Some of them are very capacious and deep. There is a small garden on the hills, which is beautifully laid out with a variety of plants and trees, and stands in refreshing contrast to the dreary scene around. It rains very seldom in this country; they say they had no rains for the last 16 months, and hence all the reservoirs are empty. Some men, we see, are drawing water from two or three deep wells with considerable difficulty. The water is a little tepid and brackish, and yet it is considered very good water by the people. The sun is very hot, and we feel

somewhat tired. On our way back we halt near the bazar, and—is it not strange?—we purchase *jilapi* and *gaja* (Bengali sweets) and betelnuts ! Aden is an interesting small town. The neat range of small houses on the beach is a pretty sight indeed. The people have somewhat the African cut of face and possess wooly curling hair ; they seem to be a mixture of negro and Arab. As there is very little else to see we return to the steamer in the afternoon. A number of poor half-naked natives are swimming about alongside of our vessel. You throw a piece of silver, down they go immediately, some with feet upward,—and behold ! one of them raises his head with the prize in his mouth held between his teeth ! Is not this very wonderful ? I never saw any thing like it in our country.

Saturday, 5th March.
Early in the morning we see land through the port in our cabin, and we hasten to

deck to ascertain if it is the isle of Perim. Yes it is. We are now passing through the straits of Babelmandeb. On the east lies Arabia, on the west the isle of Perim with its light-house and fortifications, and further on beyond the larger channel of the straits, through which sailing ships generally pass, the smaller but deeper being reserved for steamers, the distant coast of Africa may be dimly seen. It is a grand scene—two vast continents stretch forth on two sides of us and a small island divides the intervening straits into two channels. Now we have entered the Red Sea of such intense Biblical interest and importance. The sea is getting rough again. Huge waves on all sides sporting with our vessel.

Sunday, 6th March.

As usual the crew go through their parade and drill at 10 A. M. Divine service at 10½ A. M. The sea is rough again. Some of the passen-



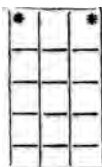
(24)

gers seem anxious to hear from me an account of our Church, and Lady Durand has already spoken to the Captain requesting permission for the use of the quarter-deck. He unhesitatingly gives his consent, and we put up a notice announcing a lecture to be delivered by me at 7½ P. M. We have a large gathering. In the course of the lecture, which lasts a little more than an hour, I give a short sketch of the history and creed of the Brahmo Somaj, and exhort the congregation to give up sectarianism. This being Sunday, in how many parts of the world is the Lord's name being chanted ! Let us join the chorus with our feeble voices.

Monday, 7th March.

After dinner our fellow-passengers usually amuse themselves with a variety of games and sports. Besides cards and chess there are *two others which form the principal sources of attraction.* The first of these called Ring-

ing of the board. A canvass board similar to the sketch in the margin is placed a few



yards off, and two or three gentlemen by turns fling certain hard things like cakes in shape, and then count up the number of marks touched by the cakes. He who completes a hundred first wins. In the other game a few *beerays* are thrown in the direction of tubs placed at either end, and he who throws the greatest number into the tube comes off triumphant. We see a rocky island to-day

Tuesday, 8th March.

A splendid entertainment comes off this evening. It is "cock-fight." Think not we have trained cocks on board the ship, or that the cruelties almost inseperable from the game are to be encouraged or promoted by us. No; the managers distinctly announce in sober seriousness that human beings will become cocks and that they will fight without

may this mean? The
Two human birds appear
hands tied, their legs bent
by fixed between, and they
each other's feet. He who is
down is the loser. The victors
only with each other, till the
won by one individual. In
one of the officers of the ship

At last Mr. Clive, one of the
arty, shabbily dressed in lady's
up as the "Queen of Beauty,"
loggerel verses, and then presents
with a piece of broken plate!! Th
ag is so stupid and absurd that
l to be amusing in the superlati
Perhaps we were never in such
humour and laughter as on this o
We pass the Dædalus light-hous
It is so called because the ship
ago wrecked o

Wednesday, 9th March.

Mr. Archer, one of the Assistant engineers of our ship, a very liberal-minded man and a sincere friend of our Church, shows us the machinery of the vessel and explains its scientific principles and processes as we follow him through intricate passages, dark windings and fire rooms. We enter the gulf of Suez to-day. In the evening we see the island of Shadwan and note with melancholy interest the place where the "Carnatic" was wrecked, and a number of unfortunate men lost their lives. Oh how painful was their death ! Poor souls, may the Lord have mercy on them. The heart is instinctively moved to pray that the Merciful Father may shower His blessings on them.

Thursday, 10th March.

Gradually the gulf becomes narrower and on both sides we see barren rocks and sand. Yonder little bit of ground covered with palm trees lying just on the margin of the sea is



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sacred. There are two or three houses, and a number of fresh-water wells known as Moses' Wells. From here, rumour has it, the Israelites crossed the Red Sea pursued by Pharaoh. It is, I suppose, a place of pilgrimage now. As we enter the harbour we find ourselves surrounded by ships bearing the Turkish and various other flags. Here is a fine troopship, the troops disembark, and afford a pleasant sight as they pass on to the wharf, in a boat tugged by a neat little steamer, with their band playing in a most lively manner. There are some boats with dredging machines which are engaged in cutting and removing the stones at the bottom of the sea and thereby making it deeper. The stones thus cut away are being used for extending the beautiful pavement of the wharf alongside which vessels are moored. Our ship draws near to this wharf at 4 P.M., and we close our *voyage over the Eastern waters*. A few miles *off stretches the great Suez Canal which is*

clearly perceptible from here. We learn from a notice just issued that the special train starts at 6 P.M., and we must get ready immediately. All our luggage we leave behind, of course duly labelled, and we hasten to the train which lies only a few yards from our ship. We start after offering our warmest thanks to Mr. Beasley the excellent captain of our ship, and paying *bukshish* to the stewards. The train is off. But oh it stops again ; again it runs, again it stops for an hour or so. What does all this mean ? It is the Egyptian railway, and we should have expected a little mismanagement. On reaching the city which is about 2 or 3 miles only from the port, we call at the Post Office and post our letters. After a long and unaccountable detention here we resume our journey and travel the whole night through wild and barren deserts, enjoying only two things on our way—sleeplessness and biting cold !

Friday, 11th March.

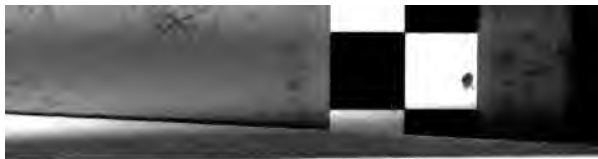
Early in the morning the train arrives at the



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Nile Station. Here after a whole night's unrest we find dreadful "Latrines" and a cup of tea for a shilling. The former I endure in Bengali style, the latter I enjoy and pay for in true Anglo-Saxon style. We then cross the splendid railway bridge over the Nile and are agreeably surprised to find how the landscape changes from that place downwards. The eyes wearied with unbroken arid plains and deserts are again refreshed with beautiful green luxuriant vegetation on both sides, which cannot fail to remind us of similar scenes in our own country. At about 9 A.M. we reach the station at Alexandria, from where we are carried in a bus, supplied by the P. and O. Company to the Hotel d'Europe. The spacious airy and well-furnished rooms placed at our disposal strike us all with agreeable amazement, and some even begin to feel uneasy amidst too much ease. After a late breakfast at 12 *we drive down to see the curiosities of this*

most ancient Egyptian city with the help of a guide whom we engage for two shillings. The first thing we see is "Cleopatra's Needle," said to be 80 feet high, and marked all over with hieroglyphics beyond the reach of our comprehension. Thence we proceed to see "Pompey's Pillar" which is said to measure 140 feet in height, and has a small hole at the foot. The relics of a most ancient building are next shown to us, where we have to descend by a flight of steps. We see there marks of obliterated painting on the walls, and a number of horizontal openings alongside each other where dead bodies or mummies, it is said, are deposited. Having seen the relics of the past we are led by our guide into the palace of the Pasha which is a splendid work of modern art. The Pasha's garden into which we are shown is not all worthy of the owner of that place. The town band is playing there; the instruments, I suppose, are all European, the air seems to be partly oriental



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and partly occidental. In the garden we see Paris fashion and a few fine African lions.

Saturday, 12th March.

We are growing impatient to leave the hotel and go on board the Marseilles steamer, for, besides the exorbitant charges we have to meet—6 Rs. daily per head or 36 Rs. daily for all, the hotel is not after all what I expected it to be. It appears that only the immoveables in it are good, but the managers and waiters who are all moveable are not so. I have special cause of complaint as I don't get good things to eat although I have repeatedly instructed the waiter to give me good vegetable curies and the fellow as often with characteristic politeness readily said. "All right" without fully understanding his errand. After scanty breakfast I go out shopping with two other friends, and purchase some photographs and other things. On our return we are happy to learn that the Bombay mail has been signalled at Suez and we shall have to

embark this afternoon as the "Bangalore" starts to-morrow morning with the mails. We pack up at once and proceed to the wharf in an omnibus sent for the purpose by the P. and O. Company. A small steam boat, commanded by a Turkish Captain, carries us to the "Bangalore," after putting those of our fellow passengers who are bound for Southampton on board the "Messilia." Our steamer is a fine vessel, though very much smaller than the "Mooltan." We have got a small four-berth cabin, where all our luggage had been properly arranged before our arrival. It is getting colder day by day. At last we are on European waters—the Mediterranean sea. Asia and Africa we leave behind, Europe is before us.

Sunday, 13th March.

We are every moment expecting the mails and passengers from Bombay. At last we hear it rumoured that they won't be in before

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5 P.M., and the express train did not leave Suez last night in due time in consequence of its being a Mahomedan holiday, perhaps the *Eed*. But our patience thus sorely tried is well nigh exhausted when we are assured that the steamer will not start before to-morrow morning, as the express train carrying the mails has been overtaken by a sand-storm on the way, and it will take time to disinter the mail bags. The passengers arrive at noon having been sent on by special train. A most unpleasant necessity thus detains us in the harbour for one whole day. However, we enjoy a very fine view of Alexandria from the sea. The ships in the harbour, mostly Turkish, are decorated with flags, and the heavy roar of cannon is every now and then breaking the silence of the sea, in honor of the Mahomedan festival which continues to-day. We are exceedingly anxious to receive letters from home, which we are expecting every minute.

Monday, 14th March.

At about 4 in the morning my sleep is disturbed by the uproar and clatter caused by the throwing in of cargo. I go on deck and am glad to find that the mail is in and our ship is off. We have an Arab pilot on board. At day-break we clearly see two ships coming behind us but gradually diverting further and further from our line. The one, we are told, is the "Messilia", bound for Southampton ; the other is the "Hungaria", going to Trieste. We begin to realize the chill of the European climate, but it is far from disagreeable. I enjoy the cold breeze on deck.

Tuesday, 15th March.

Exactly a month has elapsed since we left home ; and we have not yet reached our destination. We are still going on and on. A dreadfully rough sea, a strong wind beating against it, and dark clouds in the sky above. The rolling and pitching of the ship who can

describe ? Passenger after passenger goes to bed, and four of our companions are prostrated. The others feel somewhat uneasy, but somehow they manage to keep themselves and their spirits up. The more you lie down and give your enemy the advantage the worse you are. So we go on deck in the evening. And what do we see ? The scene is awful. The surges are mercilessly beating against the ship in all directions, and pitching it up and down, forward and backward, this side and that side, making as it were a mere plaything of it. Now the vessel is up, several feet high, thrown up by some wanton wave ;—but, lo ! it is down again, as if about to plunge headlong into the deep chasm thus created, and bury itself and its troubles in the sea. Oh ! a most angry sea is yelling and howling around us, and is getting more and more desperate as it fails in its attempts to seize the prey. *You can hardly stand for five minutes together*

on the deck ; either you tumble down, or the sea is on your back. Every now and then the sea is rushing up on the deck, and gliding down the other side in streams. Yet withal the sight is worth seeing. We scramble up to the stern, and there, from a commanding position, we survey the dreadful frolics of Neptune. Behold the awful majesty of the Almighty Lord who holdeth the waters of the sea in the hollow of His hand. His dread power is visible here. Who can measure its hight and depth, its length and breadth ? He is great, His greatness is appalling. Can puny, worm-like man approach the Infinite ? The course of my reflections is suddenly turned. For lo ! through dense masses of overhanging clouds that queen of beauty, the moon, sweetly shines forth. Her smiles, rendered doubly amiable by contrast, shed a flood of serene light on us, and spread on the waters below, as if by magic wand, *one vast sheet of waving silvery lace.* The

kingdom of beauty is opened amidst a scene of confusion and chaos. Now nature shows us, instead of the majesty and awful greatness of the Supreme Ruler, the benignant loving kindness of the Merciful Father. How welcome is this unexpected revelation of our kind Father's mercy above, when all is cheerless and dismal below ! So oft it happens in life. When misfortune frowningly gather around us, and make us feel forlorn and helpless, the Lord, in His mercy, suddenly appeareth before us, rebuketh our unbelieving hearts and comforteth us by saying—I am with thee my son.

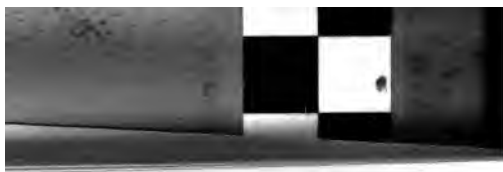
Wednesday, 16th March.

The sea continues rough, and as a matter of course sea sickness continues. Some of our friends are really in a pitiable condition ; they can hardly keep anything in their stomach. I also feel very uneasy, though I had my morning *walk on deck*. We all stay away from dinner *except one who proves a pretty good sailor,*

and manages to remove the disagreeable sensation of sea sickness as often as it comes by constantly walking about. There is hardly anything for us to do except to exchange our sobs and sighs and jeremiads with each other.

Thursday, 17th March.

We are getting better as the sea is smooth. There is liveliness in every face, excepting in those who are utterly cast down ; and the deck is full again. It must be said here that there are some first-rate sailors among our European fellow-passengers who are so buoyant as to be above sea sickness,—they are ever merry and jolly. How refreshing is it after two days' uneasiness to see the beautiful scenery which greets our eyes in the afternoon ! The great Continent of Europe, long-expected Europe, is before us. That is Italy which we now see,—Cape Spartivento jutting out into the sea like the pointed end of a boot. Yonder little monastery, perched on a rock, lying on the very margin of the sea, looks pretty indeed ;—and



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those verdant slopes extending far into the interior from its foot, how charming ! As we go further, the beautiful town of Reggio rises to view. Far more beautiful is the city of Messina in Sicily which lies on the other side. Now we are entering the straits of Messina, and on both sides there is scenery on which the eye loves to expatiate. The neatly-built houses, the church with its steeple, the railings on the beach, all incely arranged on the hills—the whole looks like a masterpiece of painting, everything is so elegantly delineated. Such is the lovely town of Messina ! As we pass the telegraph station a signal is hoisted up with a view that a message will be sent on to Mar-seilles announcing that our steamer is in sight. The channel becomes narrower, and what do you see on the other side ? A number of small towns and hamlets lie scattered in irregular beauty on the coast of Italy, and, mark, there *is the railway* winding on through rocky *elevations, almost parallel* to the course of the st

with its inseparable companion, the telegraph wire. At the end of this succession of straggling towns and villages lies Scylla of classic importance with its castle, said to be as old as the time of Nero. Opposite to Scylla is Charybdis, and between the two there is an awfully strong current which sometimes causes whirlpools. In navigating the sea of life we have often to avoid the dangerous extremes of Scylla and Charybdis, and safely steer between the two. As soon as we make our exodus from the narrow straits we face the Lipari isles, the biggest of which, Stromboli, may be seen sending forth smoke, as it is a volcanic island. It seems to be a monster of the sea grandly enjoying a pipe in the evening. We pass between this island and Panaria.

Friday, 18th March.

Instead of passing through the straits of Bonifacio we turn round the island of Corsica, leaving the little isle of Elba on the right, as we should otherwise find a very rough sea.



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At least so we understand the Captain thinks. The passengers are getting more and more impatient to see Marseilles and bring their long voyage to a close.

Saturday, 19th, March.

The southern coast of France presents varied and pleasant scenes. Cities and villages, verdant meadows, old castles, barracks, light houses, endless rocks stand forth before our view. We see the fine city of Toulon and the island of Rion. Those lights twinkling afar tell us that Marseilles is in sight. A signal rocket is let off from our ship ; by way of response another is seen immediately flying off from the distant shores. Gradually and slowly we veer round under the guidance of a pilot and enter the harbour of Marseilles. The mail bags are off post-haste, as the express train starts shortly. We run into the Customs office where we find *the baggages* of all the passengers *alphabetically arranged*. The officers make a

nominal search ; it is a farce, and the worst of it is that we are delayed beyond the train time. We, therefore, drive down to the Hotel du Louvre in order to spend the night and next morning. The brilliance of the city, especially the shops, dazzles me. It is the first European city we pass through ; I cannot help being struck with astonishment, every thing is so unique, so peculiarly beautiful, so perfectly *belatee*. The hotel is a grand thing, being a six-storied richly furnished house with innumerable rooms and attendants. Of course, we conduct ourselves in an imperial style.

Sunday, 20th March.

The hotel omnibus carries us to the railway station in the morning after breakfast. We start at 10-50 A.M., dine in the evening in the refreshment rooms at the Lyons Station, and spend the whole night in the railway carriage. On our way we heartily enjoy the delightful scenery on both sides.



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Southern France, from Marseilles to Paris, is indeed a very beautiful country. The railway passes through romantic regions, hilly but fertile, and likewise through several large French towns and hamlets, mostly lighted with gas, such as Avignon, Orange, Montelimar, Liveron, Chalons, Dijon.

Monday, 21st March.

Early in the morning at 5 we reach Paris. An omnibus takes us from the "Chemin de fer de Paris a Lyon et a la Meditterane" to the "Nord" or north railway station. We resume our journey after an interval of about 2 hours during which time I take a hasty public bath. We take our breakfast—bread, potatoes and tea, at Amiens. Leaving Boulogne behind, from where passengers by the tidal train cross over to Folkestone in England, we reach Calais at about 1 P.M. Fortunately, the English Channel is *exceedingly* calm and we cross it in a small *but fast steam ferry*, commanded by a French

Captain, in two hours. It being a foggy day we are disappointed in our expectations of enjoying a distant sea view of England. However, as we draw near, Dover rises to view with its old castle. In a moment we are along-side the splendid wharf ; in another moment we are led into a railway carriage which carries us in two hours to Charing Cross Station, London. *Welcome London ! The Lord be glorified !* Directly we reach the station. I am glad to see two Bengalees standing on the platform, B.—and R.—. Accompanied by the former we proceed in cabs to the lodgings of K—, in Albert street. How great is my joy to find on my friend's table a batch of letters from home ! The joy of safe arrival is ten-fold aggravated by sweet news from home ! We engage at once two rooms on the first and two on the second floor of the house where our friend is staying.

Tuesday, 22nd March.

Engage a cab after breakfast to pay visits.

I first call at Miss Collet's, St. John's Road, and have a long talk with her on a variety of subjects. Her mind is of an eminently historical or rather statistical type; she is ever gathering facts and eliciting information. Thence I proceed to Miss Cobbe's, Brompton, a long way off. But as she is not at home I go to Queen's Gate and pay my respects to Lord Lawrence. Both he and his kind-hearted lady give me a warm welcome. After a lengthy and interesting conversation I return to Brompton and am glad to find Miss Cobbe at home. She is, as I expected her to be, a most lively and earnest-minded person.

Wednesday, 23rd March.

According to engagement, Lord Lawrence calls at our place between 11 and 12 and spends a short time by our humble fireside. He takes me to the India Office, but unfortunately I see *neither the Duke of Argyll nor Sir Robert Montgomery*, as both are said to be engaged.

Thursday, 24th March.

In the evening I attend a small tea party at Miss Cobbe's, where I have the pleasure to meet several ladies and gentlemen interested in me and my work. Foremost among them is Miss Elizabeth Sharpe, whose charming verses containing the immortal line—"To me salvation comes from th' Eastern shore" appeared in the "Indian Mirror" and excited the deepest interest in our country. I am also introduced to M. Grant Duff, Mrs. Manning, Miss Manning, Miss Elliot, and the excellent Secretary of the Unitarian Association, Rev. Mr. Spears. After the party have dispersed Mr. Spears and Miss Cobbe make arrangements for the public meeting to be held to welcome me under the auspices of the Unitarian Association, and also for better lodgings for me.

Friday, 25th March.

This being mail day I post my letters home.



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in which I record my first impressions of this great city.

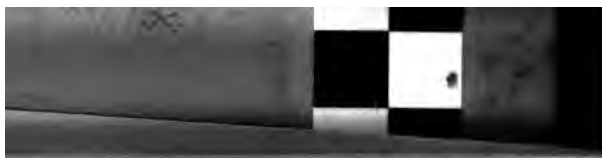
Saturday, 26th March.

After breakfast we drive out in a cab with Rev. Mr. Spears in order to engage lodgings in a more central part of the city than Regent Square where we are at present staying and which lies at an inconvenient distance from the principal institutions and places of importance. After some search we succeed in securing very comfortable rooms in Norfolk Street, Strand, known as "Mrs. Sampson's Private Hotel." We then proceed to Hanover Square rooms where we attend a public meeting of the female Suffrage Society and hear Mr. Mill, Mr. Jacob Bright, Lord Amberly, Mrs. Taylor, Chairman (beg your pardon—Chairwoman). Mrs. Fawcett, Miss Taylor and several other ladies and gentlemen. Instead of hearing their speeches, I should have said—we saw their speeches, for the distance at which we sat made them almost inaudible.

However, I am delighted to see there are so many lady speakers,—and some of them spoke beautifully with no less rhetoric than fluency—and that they are so earnestly fighting to get admission into Parliament. The movement is likely to succeed in this free country, but it will take some time. This day, for the first time in my life, I see snow falling in beautiful flakes. It is a shower of snow; within a short time everything becomes white—streets, house-tops, trees and even the umbrella and dress of those who are going about. I am so highly delighted with this wonderful natural phenomenon that I cannot resist the temptation of going out into the veranda and receiving a good sprinkling of flakes on my overcoat.

Sunday, 27th March.

We have a quiet Service in Bengali, as usual, among ourselves, in the evening. The same holy name which is chanted in chorus in India has been glorified by a small band
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England. When will the two countries unite in the worship of their common Father?

Monday, 28th March.

Glad to receive letters from India this morning. Sir Harry Verney, perhaps on the recommendation of Lord Lawrence, comes to pay me a visit, and after a brief conversation, in which he speaks highly of the late Sir William Bentinck, Governor of India, arranges for my interview with Her Majesty the Queen of Holland who is now on a visit here. In the afternoon we remove to our new lodging in the Strand which is situated on the banks of the Thames and commands a good view of the river. The rooms are far more commodious and decent than those we hitherto used. Unfortunately, Lady Verney who was to have taken me with her to the Queen fails to make out our new residence and returns disappointed. As soon as I learn this I *hasten* to Sir Harry's house and thence *proceed* with him to the Queen, She seems

very intelligent and affable, and asks me several questions about India and our Church. On my way back I call at Lord Lawrence's and inform him of my new address. After dinner I stir out again and attend Mrs. Crawshay's "At Home." Here I make many friends. Amongst others I should mention Rev. Mr. Conway, who tells me that he is connected with two *Theistic* Chapels in London where he preaches pure Theism! I heartily rejoice to hear this.

Tuesday, 29th March.

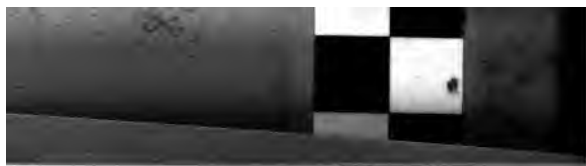
After breakfast I leave my residence accompanied by Lord Lawrence, who kindly calls for the purpose, to see Lord Shaftesbury. Though far advanced in age His Lordship is full of earnestness; and though at the head of the most orthodox and narrow-minded section of the Christian Church he offers me cordial sympathy and greatly interests me by a long talk about the philanthropic movements in which he is engaged. Lord Lawrence

then takes me to the India Office and introduces me to Sir Robert Montgomery, Sir Frederic Currie, Sir Frederick Halliday, Mr. Mangles ; I also see Mr. Grant Duff and accidentally meet Mr. Sumner Maine in his room. During our interview with Sir Frederick Currie, he introduces the subject of the Education Cess proposed to be levied on the Zemindars in Bengal, and a little quiet discussion ensues. We then walk together to the Elphinstone Club house where Lord Lawrence slips away and has a talk with one of the officers of the Club to get me admitted into its membership as an honorary visitor. He then takes me to Westminster Abbey where I see a few only of the countless tombs and monuments of England's eminent men and women. The House of Parliament being near, I take the opportunity to go and see it. The House is not sitting ; in one room Sir Roundell Palmer is arguing an appeal case before the Lord Chancellor. I am shewn

into both Houses, which lie on opposite sides of the same building, the library, the Queen's robing room and the Throne with two seats on the two sides for the Prince and Princess of Wales. In the evening I attend Mrs. Manning's "At Home," where I am delighted to meet Mr. Seely the author of *Ecce Homo*.

Wednesday, 30th March.

In the afternoon I call on Miss Catherine Winkworth, sister of Miss Susanna Winkworth. She is a remarkably intelligent and well-informed lady and carries on a long conversation with me about Indian affairs principally. I believe she is the author of "Lyra Germanica." Another "At Home" to-night—Lady Lyell's. Her husband, Sir Charles Lyell, is the great scientific man of the age. Invitations, I see, are getting very numerous, and it is very singular and striking that as while in India my earliest correspondents were chiefly ladies so my earliest guests



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here are the fair sex. Is it because ladies are more kind and hospitable towards strangers or are they more hearty in their sympathy with Theists ?

Thursday, 31st March. .

Pursuant to engagement I dine with Lord and Lady Lawrence to-night. Amongst the party 'present I see Dr. Guthrie, the celebrated Scotch divine, Sir Charles Trevelyan and the Duke of Argyll's son. After dinner several other ladies and gentlemen enter appearance. I see Mr. Maine, Sir Robert Montgomery, Mr. Seton-Karr who, as usual with him, opens his conversation with a question in Bengali, and other retired Anglo-Indians.

Friday, 1st April.

The Dean of Westminster invites me to lunch to-day. I am introduced to his excellent wife, Lady Augusta Stanley, Prince Christian and Professor Max Muller. It is a small quiet party, and though amongst

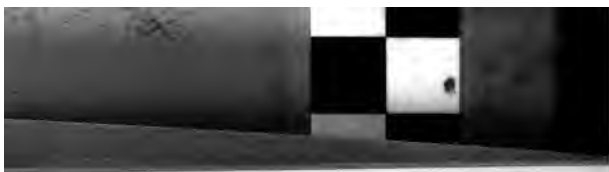
strangers I get a very hearty meal. Is it not passing strange that I am supplied with something very like *paish* to begin with? Mr. Max Muller, of course, introduces Indian subjects, the Veds especially, in the course of conversation and discussion. The Dean also quite heartily takes part.

Saturday, 2nd April.

Moulvie Syed Ahmed, whom I met at Benares during my recent visit to that city, pays me a visit to-day with his son who has come to study for the Bar. I converse with him in Hindi. Isn't that strange? According to announcement in the papers the Indian mail ought to be in this evening. Hence we hasten in an omnibus towards our former lodging in Albert street, hoping our friend may have got some letters for us, addressed to his care. But, unfortunately, I return disappointed.

Sunday, 3rd April.

It was arranged before that I should go with Lord Lawrence to St. James' Church



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to-day. Accordingly I call on him and proceed together in his carriage. After the usual Service Mr. Liddon preaches a sermon on the text—"Ask and it shall be given you." He treats the subject in a philosophical manner and also exhaustively, even at the risk of being a little tedious. It is one of his Lenton lectures. It strikes me very much how an English congregation patiently bear a sermon about an hour long, without murmur.

Monday, 4th April.

An American missionary of the Unitarian Church, Mr. W. G. Elliot calls in the morning to make my acquaintance. Among other things we talk about the feasibility of my going over to his country and returning home across the Pacific. Rev. Mr. Spears accompanies us to the British museum to-day. There, after seeing the central library room, which contains a large number of high bookshelves arranged in a circle, we pass on from department to department and hurriedly

glance over the various animal, mineral, geological, collections. The front of the building is very much like that of the Sanskrit College in Calcutta. On our way home we go into a photographer's shop and sit for a "group" of our whole party. In the evening I attend the tea party at Rev. Mr. Martineu's. There I am introduced to his whole family and to a good number of his pupils.

Tuesday, 5th April,

After breakfast we walk over to the Ludgate hill station and thence proceed by train to the Crystal Palace with Mr. Spears and Mr. Taylor. It would be impossible to give a full and satisfactory account of all that we see here; it "beggars description." The vastness of the "Palace," with its towering glass vaults, strikes us at once with amazement. We are shewn into a large theatre where a band of first-rate musicians are playing. As we advance gradually into the interior of the "Palace" we pass between rows



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of imitation busts and statues most beautifully executed, and amidst arcades of variegated, lovely and odorous flowers. Shops of all kinds are too numerous to be counted, and present a tempting sight. We find ourselves now in the picture gallery, now in the world of sculpture ; now in Egypt, now in India, now in Greece, now in the cold regions, now in hot Indian climate where the plantain tree extends its large leaves. There is a most magnificent gallery for orchestra which, with the space in front of it for the auditory, might accommodate eight thousand persons. In one place we see the model of Shakespear's house. This is as it should be ; it shows that genius is truly respected in England. Here is a "weighing chair ;" I get weighed and find myself too heavy—162½lbs. There is a "hand-press" which prints 100 cards in a minute ; I get my cards printed here. How *rapid, how cheap, how wonderful the printing !* We purchase, besides, a few toys and

fancy things here and there. The tower attached to the palace is very high ; A staircase leads us to the top, from where we enjoy a fine view of the surrounding towns and villages. After knocking about for nearly five hours we feel quite fatigued ; and yet we are told we have not yet seen half of the palace. On our way back we stop at an intermediate station and go over to the house of Mr. Spears for tea. We spent a most delightful evening here, the ladies are so kind and hospitable. At my request they sing a few hymns which are followed by two Bengali hymns chanted by us—*Adhamatanayai* and *Gayo tmare*. It is a most lively and pleasant meeting.

Wednesday, 6th April.

This is a national festival day in England, All London is out to see the annual University Boat Race. Cabs and omnibuses, boats and small steamers are hurrying on. Ladies and gentlemen, dressed in gay holiday attire,

with a piece of either light or dark blue ribbon attached to it to indicate their sympathy with Cambridge or Oxford, are running in great crowds. Everything shows that the Boat Race is an established and favorite national institution here. Anxious to study and enjoy it, I cast in my lot with the pressing throng, and with Mr. Keating as my guide proceed by rail to—where we secure a tolerably advantageous position on the deck of a small steam boat lying within a stone's throw from the winning post. The mass of spectators lining both banks of the Thames—which is very narrow up here—and the endless varieties of boats sporting and frolicking about constitute a splendid sight for a foreigner. Cambridge runs ahead and gains the day amidst enthusiastic cheers. Two large steamers follow, one containing the umpire. On our way back to the Railway Station I *have to* pass through an immense crowd *whose* by-no-means-gentle pressure wrings

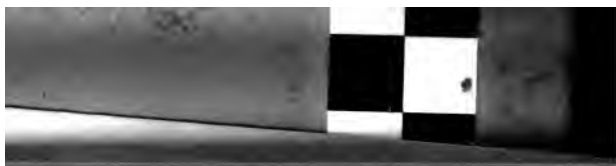
out a most painful scream from a lady close by.

Thursday, 7th April.

Sir Harry and Lady Verney call on me in the afternoon. They seem to take very great interest in me, and are among my most active friends. I attend Mrs. Conway's 'At Home' in the evening. Mr. Conway belongs to the ultra-school of the Unitarians and has hardly any connection with the "Christian" Church. He is avowedly a Theist. He shows me a portrait of Ram Mohun Roy and a photograph of Theodore Parker's study where he used to write those great and valuable discourses and essays which will immortalise his name.

Friday, 8th April.

I go to the House of Commons to-day and take my seat in the Visitors' gallery, Sir Harry Verney having kindly secured permission for me. The Irish Land Bill is under discussion. Among the speakers who address the



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House are Mr. Gladstone, Sir Roundell Palmer, Mr. Fortesque, Secretary for Ireland, Mr. Kavanagh and several others. The sight of this important assembly does not command that respect which we would fain give it from a distance and which we always associate with its name. The way in which business is done is not very solemn; some of the Hon'ble members have hats on their heads, others not; they go away and come in abruptly while business is being conducted, and are talking and whispering to each other constantly. Only a few make speeches and appear to take any interest; the others do very little beyond giving their votes when required. Perhaps I ought not to be too severe, for the Irish Land Bill is so uninteresting a subject that I should not wonder if, the Prime Minister and a few leading men of the Government and the Opposition excepted, the whole House were to sleep over it. *There is one thing very curious which I*

ought to notice—the total exclusion of ladies from the Visitors' gallery. They have a separate place for them on the opposite side which is hidden from the public view by a wooden partition with small openings in it, and which is thus a Parliamentary Zenanah !! Why this meaningless exclusion in this land of female liberty ? Lord Lawrence, who came yesterday, calls this day also to arrange for a visit to the Duke of Argyll on Sunday next.

Saturday, 9th April.

From Westminster station I proceed by rail to South Kensington and breakfast with Mr. Grand Duff. I see Mr. Geddes whom I met long ago at Krishnaghur. Mr. Cooke, late Deputy Secretary of the Bank of Bengal, pays me an unexpected visit in the afternoon and expresses his great pleasure at seeing me here. I am also favoured with a visit from Sir Charles Trevelyan. I enjoy a long conversation with him, chiefly on the subject of the aristocracy in England and the feudal system



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which he says is still kept up by them in spite of the conflict of public opinion,

Sunday, 10th April.

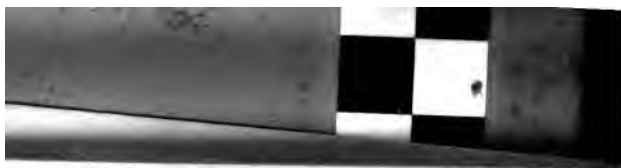
I preach a sermon in Mr. Martineau's Chapel, the usual Service being conducted by him. I take the following text :—"In Him we live and move and have our being," and explain God's reality and omnipresence. The congregation numbers about five hundred. This is the first time I preach from a pulpit in an English Chapel, and I naturally feel a little awkwardness and as if I am not quite at home. In the afternoon I call on Lord Lawrence and proceed together in his carriage to the Argyll Lodge to see the Duke. He receives me kindly and introduces me to the Duchess who has just recovered from an illness ; and then we talk on a variety of subjects relating to the Brahmo Somaj and *India*. His Grace seems to be a lively, active and well-informed man.

Monday, 11th April.

Mr. Knowles calls on me and invites me to the next meeting of the Metaphysical Society which, he says, has for its chief object the discussion in a free and friendly style of all theological subjects. I also receive a visit from General Low who invites me to lunch.

Tuesday, 12th April.

A host of big people call on me to-day. Mr. Hodgson Pratt introduces himself as a former president of the Bethune Society; being possessed of competence he devotes himself entirely to the good of the working classes. Then comes quite unexpectedly the leader of English thought, the greatest thinker of the age—Mr. John Stuart Mill. He puts to me a variety of questions, mostly political, regarding India, such as the education cess, income tax, administration of justice, character of Anglo-Indians &c. He is followed by Mr. Macleod Wyllie, late Under Secretary to the Foreign Department of the Government of



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India and Sir Robert Montgomery, late Lieutenant-Governor of the Punjab, who comes with his son. Sir Robert is an excellent man and is quite of Lord Lawrence's stamp of character. As previously arranged I meet the Unitarian Committee at their office. After dinner Mr. Taylor accompanies us to the Hanover Square Rooms, where in the Committee room I find Lord Lawrence, Dr. Mullens, Mr. Sharpe, the President, Sir Harry Verney, Sir James Lawrence and others. We then take our seats on the platform amidst cheers. Mr. Sharpe opens the meeting with a few words. Dean Stanley then in a remarkably liberal speech moves the resolution of welcome which is seconded by Lord Lawrence, Mr. Martineau, Mr. Marks, a Jewish Professor, and Dr. Mullens. After their speeches are over I address the meeting for *an hour* and am followed by Lord Houghton and Mr. Sanderson. The meeting is a great *success inasmuch* as it brings together on the

same platform men of different views, and excites their common interest in India.

Wednesday, 13th April.

Mr. Ranken, who was long in India, comes and says that India cannot be truly happy and prosperous unless she throws off the foreign yoke of the British Government. He also says that he thinks with the author of the "Bible in India," which he has translated into English, that Christianity has been derived wholly from India! He asks my opinion on these points! In the evening I dine with the Hon'ble Mr. Kinnaird.

Thursday, 14th April.

I received a letter the other day from a lady, Mrs. Bevan, a perfect stranger to me, saying she had some thing very important to communicate to me and that she would be glad to see me at lunch some day. With great curiosity I drive down to see her. But how bitter and sad is my disappointment when I



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find that after giving me a somewhat cold reception she begins to preach and catechises me as to what my difficulties are in accepting Christ in the orthodox way. It shows her warm and firm faith indeed, but to me it is anything but agreeable after the trouble and expense incurred in coming all this distance. At last she feels she is not a good preacher and recommends me to see her *guru*. It is refreshing to see Miss Susanah Winkworth after this unprofitable interview. She is really a very superior person, gentle and pious. We talk about our spiritual experiences. I must say that since my arrival here I have not had such delightful spiritual conversation.

Friday, 15th April.

Ritualism has always excited my interest and made me anxious to examine it carefully. I therefore gladly accept the offer of a relation of one of my fellow-lodgers to take me to a *Ritualist chapel* as there is to be extraordinary

service owing to Good Friday. I like the music though it is so foreign, the tender voice of the little boys is charming. The preaching is also fervent, and I may say, enthusiastic. Mr. Mac—seems to feel what he says, and his words touch the hearts of his congregation. There is stillness and solemnity on all sides ; and some are moved to tears by the Minister's touching appeals.

Saturday, 16th April.

According to engagement I call on General Sir John Low and walk with him to an adjacent chapel to hear Mr. Mullinaux. He is wonderfully fluent and a most rapid speaker. But being of extremely low Church principles he reiterates the usual dogmas and phrases of orthodox Christianity. After service I meet Lord Lawrence and Sir Harry Verney at the gate of the chapel. I spend a short time with Sir John Low and some of the ladies of his family, who are really very devout and fond of their Minister, in the Onslow Square garden



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and then we go to his house to take lunch with Mr. Mullinaux. One thing strikes me very much—I mean the respect in which ministers are held by their congregation. This is as it should be. In the evening I go in an omnibus to see Miss Collet.

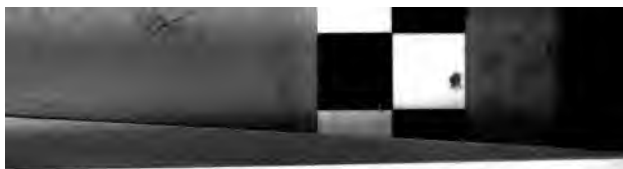
Sunday, 17th April.

This morning I preach in the Finsbury Chapel. It is much larger than Mr. Martineau's and has a splendid gallery. I speak of the riches of God's love, my text being—"God is love; and he that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God and God in him." I. John IV. 16. In the course of my sermon I show that providence is not only general but special and I explain the excellent parable of the Prodigal Son as illustrating the manner in which divine love operates for the salvation of sinners. After service many amongst the congregation come forward to shake hands *with me*, and they do so with warmth and *earnestness*. A large crowd follow me to the

cab. On behalf of the congregation Mr. Conway the minister and Mr. Hixon the treasurer quietly present me with a set of the "Collected Works of W. J. Fox." There is one distressing feature in the service as conducted in this chapel which I cannot pass over. I mean the total absence of *prayer*; there is adoration but not begging. This is theism minus its very life. In the afternoon we go to hear Dean Stanley in the Abbey Church. As might be expected his sermon breathes a very liberal spirit. Service being over we take tea at the Deanery; two amiable children, relations of the Dean, greatly interest us by their kind attention. The Dean then kindly shows us the different parts of the Abbey, giving full and elaborate explanations of their history. He deserves our best thanks for the trouble he takes. He evinces great interest in me.

Monday, 18th April.

In consequence of some misunderstanding



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with our landlady, a woman of bad temper, we remove this day to more quiet and healthy place, 4 Woburn Square. Several small gardens are adjacent to us besides the one just facing our windows—Russel Square, Gordon Square, Euston Square, Torrington Square and Bedford Square. The Lord Mayor's Dinner comes off this evening at the Mansion House, known also as the Egyptain House. The building is a splendid specimen of architecture and is very richly painted in an oriental style. Toasts are proposed and received, there are formal speeches, the goblet is passed round, the toast master announces every speech and toast in an imperious tone, at intervals there is music, the liverlied attendants look like illustrious personages of a bygone period ; the whole thing passes off in a most fashionable style. I of course respond to the various toasts with a glass of *lemonade*, and instead of drinking the Lord Mayor's health I *snuff* it ! !

Tuesday, 19th April.

Dinner at Mr. Goldingham's. He was formerly in Madras and is a retired Anglo-Indian. I meet there Mr. Lake who was in the Punjab and Sir Robert Montgomery who asks me what my opinion is about the Wards' Institution. After dinner some of the gentlemen present drive me to a corner and gradually lead me into a regular theological discussion, which is unpleasant being quite out of place. But this is not all. One of them expounds a chapter of the Bible, preaches a sort of sermon and winds up by offering a prayer, and all the while keeping his eye on me. Such things look well when they come on naturally. But to ask a man to dinner, and then to seize him unawares and discharge your proselytizing shots on him shows bad taste to say the least. Open and unreserved contest in proper time and place is desirable.

Wednesday, 20th April.

Mr. Martineau being now our neighbour I



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pay him a visit in the evening and spend a short time with him. He is a very pious and venerable man, though somewhat reserved.

Thursday, 21st April.

Miss Sharpe and her sister come up to take me in their carriage to their house in Highbury Terrace. I am introduced to their mother M^{rs} Sharpe and her bedridden husband Mr. Sharpe and also to another Miss Sharpe. They are a very pleasant family, and in their company I spend a most pleasant evening. They are related to Mr. Samuel Sharpe, the president of the Unitarian Association, whom I also meet there. After tea we assemble in the drawing room, and carry on a most lively and interesting religious conversation. I enjoy it the more as I have not had such a treat since my arrival here.

How I hate large dinners,—how I love these *small friendly gatherings!* But alas! few *there are* with whom I can truly sympathize *in religious opinion.*

Friday, 22nd April.

Agreeably to previous engagement we meet Mrs. and Miss Manning on the Crystal Palace Railway platform, and walk with them to their temporary country abode in Upper Norwood, St. Aubin's Road. After lunch we proceed to see the Crystal Palace ; this being holiday time it is more largely crowded than it was when I first visited it. Leaving my friends there I drive down to Lower Norwood in a cab to see Mr. Cooke. He introduces me to his daughter and wife and shows me the various apartments of his house. I am extremely delighted to see photographs of my brother and other relations in his album. How very precious are such things to one in a distant country ! In due time I return to the Mannings to take my dinner. In the evening a cup of tea closes our semi-rural excursion, and we depart in haste to catch the train. I must say I have spent the day pleasantly with the Mannings. Miss Manning



seems to be wholly a Theist, and she heartily approves of my project to have small friendly gatherings for prayer and religious conversation. She says she has been always looking forward to a Theistic union.

Saturday, 23rd April.

At the request of Lady Edwardes I proceed to Harrow, where she is staying in her country house, by the London and N. W. Railway, escorted by Dr. Farquhar, formerly Surgeon to the Governor-General of India. The country I pass through is mostly plain and flat and verdant, and reminds me of the rich plains of Bengal. Lady Edwardes is a very pious woman and seems to have learnt humility and faith from her bereavement, the death of her excellent husband Sir Herbert Edwardes. After lunch she and Mrs. Kinnaird enter into conversation verging on discussion with a view to elicit and if possible to remove those points on which we disagree. While strolling up and down the beautiful

park attached to her house Lady Edwardes asks me with peculiar interest and touching solicitude what I think of Christ and the Gospel. We then take a drive through the city ; on our return we take tea and taking leave of our kind hostess, I, Mrs. Kinnaird and Dr. Farquhar return to London in the evening. Harrow is a lively country place, and I enjoy it the more as it affords a charming contrast to the dreary civilization of the great metropolis. Farmers' houses, heaps of hay, variegated cattle grazing in the fields, ragged country boys and girls playing in the streets, trees and plants coming out in their vernal beauty—these are irresistible charms of nature which fill my heart with joy. I am told that Sir Herbert, when living, had once remarked that should I come to England he would be most happy to see me. This circumstance made Lady Edwardes' invitation peculiarly interesting and acceptable to me.



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Sunday, 24th April.

The text of my sermon this morning in the Unitarian Chapel at Hackney is " Ask, and it shall be given you &c." Mat. vii. 7-8. The chapel is rather small ; it is crowded, and there are, I understand, about 500 persons present. I endeavour to show that the above text represents a spiritual law as immutable as physical laws. After service we proceed to Mr. Collier's house, and thence after taking a little refreshment, to Mr. Hickson's. We spend the latter part of the day in the company of the Hicksons, a very interesting and happy English family, lunching together, looking at the varieties of plants that grow in their hot-house, hearing and singing songs and enjoying most lively chit chats. The day is well spent and will leave agreeable impressions on the mind.

Monday, 25th April.

Miss Cobbe having returned to town with renewed health I call on her in the evening.

I am highly delighted with the conversation we have about our spiritual experiences. I give a sketch of the history of my conversion and point out the workings of God's providence, and as I narrate the incidents I see her eyes filled with tears, and her whole countenance impressed with devotional sympathy. She tells me how she has been brought to the Lord in the same way, and how in different and remote places we have been moved by the same spirit. How wonderful and mysterious are God's ways of converting sinners! The East and the West must unite.

Tuesday, 26th April.

Mr. Peebles, United States Consul in Asia Minor, calls on me with a friend of his who, it appears, is a spiritualist. They are both very liberal-minded, and they most warmly sympathize with me in my desire and efforts to promote theism. Mr. Peebles asks me to visit America where he will be going in next



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June. He is enthusiastic about it. I dine with Dean Stanley in the evening. There I meet during and after dinner several of the most eminent persons in the land—such as the Duke of Argyll, Mrs. Rothschild, Lord Lawrence, Sir Bartle Frere, Sir Charles Trevelyan, and several leading clergymen and bishops in their clerical dress.

Wednesday, 27th April.

I dine with the "philosophers" this evening at Grosvenor Hotel, and then attend their meeting. The object of the Metaphysical Society is to discuss in a friendly spirit all questions of a metaphysical and theological character. One of the members reads a paper on the "Verification of Beliefs," which is followed by discussion. Those who take part in the discussion, especially Mr. Martineau, seem to be well up in metaphysical matters; but the remarks are in my humble opinion rather rambling and "not to the point." I meet Sir A. Grant.

Thursday, 28th April.

I engage a cab and drive about paying or rather returning visits. Sir Charles Trevelyan is not at home, neither Sir Fervel Buxton—so I am disappointed. Happily Sir Robert Montgomery is found in the India Office, and he evinces kind interest in me. I introduce the subject of the Native Marriage Bill, and ask him to put me in the way. He promises to do so, but he himself has unfortunately no hand in the matter, it belongs to a different committee. Mr. Pratt is not at home, but Mrs. Pratt, who accidentally meets me at the door, receives me cordially, and I spend some time in conversation with her. In the evening we go by rail to Blackfriar's Station and thence proceed to Mr. Spears's social spring meeting in the Stamford Street Chapel. It is decorated, though scantily, with flowers and evergreens, and every one present seems lively. There are several speeches and *music* at intervals. I make a few statements



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regarding the history of my conversion to prayer and the direct action of God's spirit in my soul. My two Native friends are also obliged to make speeches, such is the pressure put upon them. Their maiden speeches are received with cheers. We return home immensely delighted with the proceedings of the spring meeting, and specially the fervor and cordiality with which a large number of ladies and gentlemen, chiefly the former, come forward to shake hands with me.

Friday, 29th April.

I see a splendid collection of pictures this morning at the exhibition of Royal Academy of Arts in their new house at Piccadilly. Some of the pictures are so beautifully natural. I am ashamed to think how little our countrymen have done towards cultivating the noble art of painting. The annual social meeting of the parents and guardians of Portland Schools under Mr. Martineau's superintendence takes place this evening. After tea he

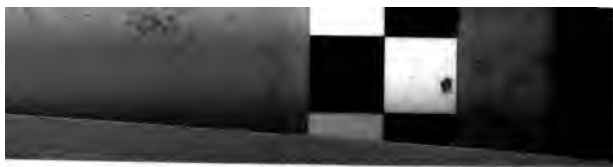
introduces me to the meeting, and at his request I say a few words on the true character of education and the necessity of co-operation between parents and teachers in the education of boys. They all look lively and seem very much to enjoy the thing ; it is a pity that we have nothing similiar to this in our country. I spend the remainder of the evening at Mrs. Russel Martineau's At Home.

Saturday, 30th April.

We attend an evening party at Mrs. Squire's where we meet the Hicksons. The evening is most delightfully spent in lively and interesting conversation, music and supper. In both these families there seems to be real heartiness of interest and attachment for me, and very little formality. May God bless them !

Sunday, 1st May.

I preach this morning in one of the finest Unitarian Chapels in London. Rev. Mr. Ker-



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son conducts service, and I expound the following text in St. Luke—"Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart &c." x. 27-28. The love of God must be intellectual (mind), practical (strength), devotional (soul) and emotional (heart): it ought to embrace all the departments of life. I lunch with Rev. Mr. Haweis, who is extremely "broad," though belonging to the established church. Professor Jowett and Sir Alexander Grant meet me there, and I have a few minutes' interesting conversation with the former. In the evening we go by rail to Westbourne Hall. My text is—"Of a truth I perceive that God is no respecter of persons: but in every nation he that feareth him and worketh righteousness, is accepted with him." Acts x. 34 35. I preach the spirit of catholicity and denounce sectarianism. The attendance is *rather small*, and is owing, I believe, to the *sale of tickets* which I in common with many of my friends think rather improper.

Monday 2nd Monday.

We attend a small tea party at Camberwell in the house of Mr. Taylor who has been doing so much to oblige us. Mrs. Taylor and other ladies treat us to a few English songs, and we too sing some of our hymns.

Tuesday 3rd May.

Lord Lawrence calls for me at about 10-30 A.M., and we drive together in his carriage to Exeter Hall. The hall is immensely crowded, numbering about 5,000 souls, and wears a most imposing aspect. The report of the operations of the Church Missionary Society is read, in which there is an allusion to my speech in the Hanover Square Rooms. The Bishop of Ripon addresses the meeting in a clear and powerful voice. I am obliged to slip away before the meeting is over in order to lunch with Mr. Flower of the Royal College of Surgeons. I have some interesting conversation on religion with Mrs. Flower. After lunch we all go to the next



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house where the museum is located and see the various things collected there. In the evening I attend Mrs. Evans Bell's evening party, where among others I meet Mr. Goldstucker. He is a funny old man, and looks very much like a Bhattacharjee. Will it be believed I return home at 2 in the morning ? This is really intolerable.

Wednesday 4th May.

Sir Robert Montgomery introduces me to Sir Erskine Perry, the President of the political committee of the Secretary of State's Council, and I have a long conversation with him chiefly on the education cess question in his rooms at the India Office. He reads to me portion of a letter addressed to him by Lord Mayo in which His Lordship speaks of me in kind terms and asks him to see me and consult me about the education question. I gladly take the opportunity to explain my *views fully*, in which Sir Erskine concurs. In the evening I dine with Mr. and Mrs.

Smith. Around the table I see Lord Lawrence, Mr. Grant Duff and Mr. Maritneau.

Thursday 5th May.

I breakfast with Mr. Gladstone, the worthy Prime Minister, this morning. There are some illustrious personages round the table or tables for we divide in two companies, one is headed by Mr. Gladstone, the other by his wife. I see Mr. Mortlan, the American minister, and the celebrated Mr. Dickens. Our host is a very genial and kind-hearted man though his very appearance shows he has the tremendous weight of the whole Government on his shoulders. I exchange only a few words with him.

Friday 6th May.

Accompanied by Miss Sharpe, her brother-in-law Mr. Courtauld and two other ladies I proceed by the morning train to Haywards Heath to visit the Sussex Country Lunatic Asylum. It is a splendid institution and occupies an immense area. It was established in



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1951 and now numbers 2040 inmates of whom 824 are males. How sad and painful is it to look at these miserable specimens of humanity! All honor to those who are trying to do good to them! One of the inmates presents us with his drawings, and we thank him for the same.

Saturday, 7th May.

A grand musical entertainment takes place to-day in the Crystal Palace. We go there with Mr. Spears after breakfast, and take our seats in the upper balcony which commands a full view of the scene below. Upwards of sixteen thousand persons are present on the occasion—who can believe unless he sees with his own eyes this fabulous congregation of heads? And what is the number of singers? Three thousand they say! You see how they are all arranged on the splendid gallery. When three thousand voices unite in one harmonious chorus and *gradually rise higher and higher with the aid*

of the grand organ playing in full vigour and two or three hundred musical instruments, you can easily imagine what wonderful effect they must produce. The pieces sung are mostly religious. On the whole the treat is grand if not sweet, I admire it, though I do not enjoy it. Its scientific character is really astonishing. On our way home we spend a few hours at Mr. Spears's house in Camberwell.

Sunday, 8th May.

The chapel where I preach this morning is situated on Rosslyn Hill and look very pretty—having an air of rural simplicity about it. Dr. Sadler, the estimable minister of the Chapel, conducts service and I preach a sermon on "Take no thought for your life &c" Math: VI. 25-35. After service I see Miss Carpenter in the Vestry. I then lunch with Dr. and Mrs. Sadler; and in the afternoon drive down with Miss Sharpe through the beautiful scenery of Hampstead Heath to the house of her brother-in-law Mr.



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Courtauld. In the evening we go in a cab to Mr. Spurgeon's Metropolitan Tabernacle in Newington on the other side of the river. I have not seen anything surpassing in grandeur the spectacle I witness to-night in this Tabernacle. There are upwards of six thousand persons in the congregation who unite their voices in singing the hymns and form a telling chorus though unaccompanied by organ or harmonium. The preacher has a loud and powerful voice and the whole congregation listen with rapt attention to his earnest and fiery utterances. After service I am introduced to him and on my asking whether he could place his tabernacle—a tempting place indeed!—at my disposal for a secular lecture he gives his kind consent.

Monday, 9th. May.

After spending a few minutes at Miss Carpenter's I call on Sir Erskine Perry at the India House. As he has only a short time to spare I briefly state the leading features of

the Native Marriage Bill and request his favorable consideration of the measure. He says the papers on the subject have not yet reached him. At 6 P. M., I attend the Ragged School Union meeting in Exeter Hall, presided over by Lord Shaftesbury. At his request I say a few words supporting the views and objects of the Union.

Tuesday, 10th May.

I attend the Congregational Union Dinner at the Cannon Street Hotel, where I find Dr. Mullens. After dinner he makes a speech, and at the request of the Chairman I also make an "off hand" kind of speech. In the evening I attend a meeting of the "Society" for promoting education in the East in the house of Mr. Haldane. Lord Shaftesbury takes the chair. Among the speeches I am very much interested to hear one from the well-known "Rob Roy." As usual I am obliged to make a speech on female education in India.

Wednesday, 11th March.

I put on my new suit of dress and go to see the ceremony of the opening of the new building of the University of London. It is a small gallery where we assemble, and the length of time we have to wait tires our patience. At last the magnates of the realm enter appearance one after another, among others the astute and shrewd-looking leader of the opposition and the noble Gladstone; and then after some interval the Queen, the Prince and Princess of Wales and Princess Louise with a large retinue enter the hall, and stand on the dais. Her Majesty—this is the first time I see her—is a plain-looking woman in plain dress, simple yet dignified. She makes a graceful bow to the assembly. The Vice-Chancellor reads the speech to the Queen, she hands over her reply and in the most distinct manner declares the building to be “opened.” Thus ends the brief ceremony, and the royal family disappears

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in the country. We don't come to any practical conclusion.

Friday, 13th May.

Call on Miss Carpenter and proceed together to Mrs. Schwabe's house where we lunch with Miss Winkworth, Miss Sharpe, Mrs. Darbishire and others. At 8 P.M. I attend a meeting of the East-India Association where Miss Carpenter delivers a lecture on her work in India. I then make a few remarks at the request of the Chairman. From there I proceed to Miss Preston's At Home, where I meet a large number of our Unitarian friends.

Saturday, 14th May.

Mr. Spears calls on us, and we go with him to visit the workhouse at Camberwell. The Doctor and the governness show us over the various wards and the nice little chapel upstairs. Thence we proceed to the Asylum for the Blind. Unfortunately the school is closed, this being Saturday. We are however

shown into some of the rooms where we see most wonderful things. Here are some blind men making baskets; there is one making carpets and going through all the complications of warf and woof; here is a boy who reads to us at our request a few passages from a religious book especially adapted to the blind, there is another who with astonishing adroitness solves a few arithmetical questions we put to him. Is this not a miracle—giving eyes to the blind? I dine with the Hon'ble Mr. Wyndham, who introduces me to several members of Parliament. After dinner we have conversation about the religious condition of India.

Sunday, 15th May.

I preach this morning at the Artillery Hall Stratford, in the East end of London which is inhabited by the poorest classes of the people. Amongst my congregation I am told, are many working men; but not so many as



I wished to see. I take up the following text "Whom have I in heaven but thee? and there is none upon earth that I desire beside thee" Ps. LXXIII. 25. In the evening I preach to a crowded congregation in Beaumont Hall, at Mile End. We have about 1500 persons. I discourse on God's infinite love whose price we can duly understand when we contract it with our unworthiness. My text is "When I consider thy heavens, the work of thy fingers, the moon and the stars, which thou hast ordained; what is man, that thou art mindful of him? and the son of man, that thou visitest him?" Ps. VIII 3-4.

Monday 16th May.

I breakfast with Mr. Allon and several other dissenting ministers whom he has invited to meet me. After breakfast we retire into the Drawing Room, and there, at my request and in answer to my questions, Dr. Mullens, our host, and others present enlighten me on the constitution of the Presbyterian

and Congregational churches and the points on which they differ from the established church. The whole subject is deeply interesting to me. The assembly breaks up and we then lunch in a quiet and homely manner. This evening our second meeting takes place. There is interesting conversation, but without any definite conclusion.

Tuesday, 17th May.

We set out with Mr. Taylor and proceed by the underground railway to Newgate Prison. After inspecting it for a few minutes we walk over to the *Times*' office which is very near. We are shewn into the various departments, and are struck with astonishment at the machinery at work, which we are told, prints off 16,000 copies in an hour. They do not use the types at all for printing, but the whole thing is stereotyped, the plates being moulded in a few minutes; by this means they could have as many pages of types as they wish and vastly expedite the



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work of printing. On our way back to the station we see the Carter Lane Mission School for poor children supported by the Unitarians. The Peace Society's annual meeting comes off in the evening at Finsbury Chapel. There are some excellent and interesting speeches, especially one from the representative of the French association which, though mostly in French and therefore unintelligible to me is earnest and effective. In supporting a resolution I make a short speech in the course of which I repeat the following sanskrit texts—

Kshama 'bashikritir loke Kshamaya kim
nasadhyate.

Shanti kharga kare yasya kim karisyati-
durjanah.

Wednesday, 18th May.

I call at the Temple and visit Rev. Dr. Vaughan, Master of the Temple, and I lunch with him. The Dean of Westminster is away *and also Lady Augusta Stanley*; disappointed

I drive down from the Deanery to the Athenaeum where I spend a short time in reading and conversing with Sir John Bowring and several other members. In the evening I call on Rev. Mr. Milman, and walk with him to Lord Lawrence's to dine there. After dinner I meet Mr. Taylor, Miss Milman, sister of the Bishop of Calcutta, and old Mr. Marshman.

Thursday, 19th May.

I have not seen a more enthusiastic meeting in London since my arrival than that which I witness this evening at St. James's Hall. It is a meeting of the United Kingdom Alliance, and is eminently demonstrative. Cheers, prolonged applause, waving of handkerchiefs and hats, all indicate the deep excitement and fervour of the meeting. They all rise and with deafening cheers welcome me, and every word I say in my speech is received with rapt attention and marked interest. When I talk of the sins of the

British Government in this matter, they cry out 'shame' 'shame.' I am glad to see there is such wide-spread and strong interest in Temperance.

Friday, 20th May.

At 10 A.M. we attend the Prayer meeting of the Quakers. They have no clergymen, no regular ritual or mode of worship. Prayers are offered by some and then discourses, with a quietness and solemnity very striking. Several old ladies take part in the service. I lunch with Mr. Stephen, brother of Mr. Fitz-James Stephen. Among those who sit at table are Mr. Milman, Mr. Leckie and Miss Thackeray. I dine with Mrs. Schwafe. I see a large number of guests. After dinner a Swede plays on a harp. It is a magnificent instrument.

Saturday, 21st May.

We form a small excursion party and proceed by rail to Hampton Court. This splendid court was erected by Cardinal Wolsey

